



JULIA MARLOWE
as "PORTIA"

JULIA MARLOWE as "CLEOPATRA"

member that even then I would have thought it would seem to me to be able to do that twice every day, over the same ground, at a fast pace, say.

I wonder if Mr. Sothern appreciates his own power. I think he does.

Presently Mr. and Mrs. Sothern drove me down to where the train was waiting before it should follow the little creek back to Danbury. The two of them, on the back seat of a carriage, drove away bound for the woods, and I in the train returned.

Mr. Sothern won't admit and feel to turn to authorship, but then he has been the philosophy of "going nowhere." But he does admit that he "admits" when he is not busy, and he "admits" when he is not busy, and he "admits" on the stage. And he has always had scholarly tastes. He has observed life widely and sympathetically. He has proved himself successful of a naturally charming gift of characterization and story-telling. I think that the best of writers had better watch up!

EVEN soft, well modulated voices carry surprisingly well in those little tea shops off Fifth avenue or perhaps things are overheard because one's elbow always is close to one's neighbor's salad.

"—, Peoria, said the smartly garbed young woman at the end of an otherwise unintelligible sentence.

The young man in a nifty brown suit with a white carnation in his buttonhole laughed pleasantly.

"Goodness," said he, "I don't believe I could even stand my what follows here." "It's so long since I've been home."

New Illinois is home to a considerable number of good New Yorkers, which is the apology, if one is needed, for a new wave in one of our best known hothouses for young life.

It would have been hard to be deaf, at any rate, for the carefully got up young man was talking about himself.

Rehearsals, it seems, are already on for a new revue in one of our best known hothouses for young life.

Night life is carefully forced into flower.

"It's to be a patriotic thing," he explained, always in that smooth, low voice from which every trace of the corn belt tang had been carefully eradicated. "But it goes so slowly. The dear girls are pretty, but they don't seem to get it very quickly. I couldn't know my dance. You see, it didn't last year."

"And how is your mother?" broiled in the young woman's chaperon.

Used to be so fond of her when I lived out there."

"Oh, she's dead," said the young man. "Miljany, with enthusiasm, just got a letter from her to-day to say that she got my last bundle of clothes."

"You send them home?" asked the young woman.

"Yes, indeed. You know if one has nice clean laundry sent just run them. And they're so expensive."

"Are they better in Peoria?" asked the young woman, seemingly fighting against a growing conviction.

"Oh, she does them herself," he explained.

"How nice," said the young woman. But it sounded rather fat, as if it might be thinking.